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THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

"Labitur et labetur."

The thoughts are strange that crowd my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if GOD pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

THE FELON'S SON.

Towards the end of the last century, a young man arrived at Marseiles, on commercial affairs: he took up his abode at an inn, where he had been about three weeks, when he received a letter one evening, which obliged him to call immediately on one of the principle merchants of the town. The merchant was out, and, as his wife said that he was most probably at the theatre. George, (so our hero called himself) went thither to seek him. He entered the pit, and looked round in vain for the person he wanted; but as it was early he thought that the merchant might still come, and he sat down to wait for him.

In a few minuets, George heard the words "turn him out! turn him out!" uttered with great vehemence; and looking round to see to whom they were addressed, he preceived they were intended for a youth of sickly appearance and very mild countenance, who sat near him.

'How is this?' cried George, turning to the person who sat next him, 'what has the boy done to be treated in such a manner?'

The person to whom he spoke was a man about fifty.

'Do you know him?' said he coldly.

'No—I never saw him before.'

'Well, then take a friends advice, and don't meddle in the matter. The boy's name is Tinville: he is a grandson of that monster, Fouquet Tinvill.

At these words, George recoiled with horror in his countenance.

'My good sir,' said his neighbor, 'I see that you agree with me, that there are names which always make honest people tremble.'

George heaved a deep sigh.

'And yet, said he, after a moment's pause, 'If the boy himfelf has done nothing bad, I don't think it just or generous to insult him: he is already unfortunate enough.'

The noise had been suspended for an instant—but, just as our hero uttered these words, the riotors re-commenced their cries. The lad feighned not to preciere that he was the object of them; but his alarm was visible in countenance. Encouraged by his timidity, one of the aggressors began to pull his coat, and another took him by the collar. George quickly rose.

'Stop a moment,' said his neighbor, catching hold of him; 'don't you see they are ten to one?'

'Let them be twenty to two, then,' cried he indignantly; 'I will never stand by tamely and see a helpless boy ill-used.'

Breaking from the grasp of his prudent neighbor, he sprung lightly over the benches, and threw himself between the youth and his assailants—dealing at the same time, some knock-down blows to the right and left, and crying out, 'Cowards!—you call yourselves Frenchmen—and you are not ashamed to fall, ten of you, upon one poor defenceless lad!'

The aggressors were young men, mostly in a state of intoxication, yet not so far gone as to be insensible of shame,

'He says the truth, cried one.

'He is in the right, said another.

By degrees the group diappeared: those who had received the blows, skulked away and said nothing; the others excused themselves; and, in a few minuets, tranquility was restored. George took the youth by the arm, led him out of the theatre, and making a sigh to a hackney coachman hurried away, without replying to Tinville's thanks, and entreaties to know his name.

Three days afterwards, as he was passing through one of the principal streets, he felt himself seized by the skirt of his coat and, looking round to see by whom, he perceived that he was the gentleman whom he had sat next to at the theatre.

'Heaven be praised! I have found you at last,' cried he; 'truly, you have led me into a fine scrape,'

'I, sir—impossible!'

'No, no, it is possible enough. You must know that I have a brother, one of the principal bankers of Marseilles: every body speaks well of him but myself; and I say he is a crack-brained enthusiast. Why, sir, you have only to relate to him a trait of courage or generosity, and he is ready to worship the hero of it. I told him the othernight of the mad trick you had played, and he flew into a rage with me because I did not seize and drag you to his house *vi et armis*. I should not have cared so for him had not my good sister-in-law and pretty nice joined his party. In short, they turned me out, in orders not to come again without bringing you in my hand. I have hunted for you ever since in vain; but now I have luckily found you, you will not refuse to return with me to dinner.'

George wouldhave excused himself.

'He had only come,' he said, for a short time, on business, which was nearly finished; he was about to depart, and he had not a moment for any thing but business.'

'Even if you go to-morrow, you must dine somewhere to-day—and why not as well at my brother's as at the inn?'

With these words he put his hand under the young man's arm, and drew him along, heedless of all excuses.

It has been said that a good face is the best letter of recommendation; and no one ever had a better than George. The banker and his family were charmed with, each praised him in their way. Mr. Stendhal admired his open countenance; his wife the modest propriety of his manners; her mother, who was very old and rather deaf, the good natured and respectful way in which he answered several questions which she put to him. The daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, said nothing, but perhaps the look of pleasure with which she listened to the praises bestowed by the rest of the family, was not the least eloquent part of the panegyric.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Stendhal learned that his guest's name was George, that he was an orphan, and that he would leave Marseilles in five or six days. He mentioned also the names of some of the merchants with whom he had done business; and one of them happening to be a particular friend of Stendhal's the good banker went to him the next day, to make inquiries respecting his new acquaintance.

'All I know of him,' said the merchant, 'is that he comes from an old correspondent of mine, who has recomended him very strongly to me. He has transacted business for the gentleman with several others besides myself, and he is generally regarded as a clever and intelligent young man. My friend lamented in his letter, that he had not the power to offer him a permanent situation, and he has asked me to look out for one for him—but I have not met with any thing likely to suit.'

This was enough for Stendhal, who was a sort of benevolent Quixotte in his way. He wished to serve George; but with the delicacy of true generosity, he desired that the young man should feel himself the obliger, rather than the obliged. He told him that he wanted a clerk; George fell into the innocent snare laid for him; he offered himself, and was directly accepted.

Mr. Stendhal was well satisfied with the abilities of his new clerk, and not less so with his conduct: the only thing that he wished was, to see in the young man more of the gaity natural to his time of life, but he was constantly serious, and even sad, notwithstanding that his temper was so sweet, and his manners so mild and amiable, that he was a favorite with the whole family.

Two years passed away and at the end of that time, George had become, what Mr. Stendhal emphatically called his *right hand*; he releived the good banker from a great part of the fatigue which he had till then taken upon himself; and while he had never relaxed, in the slightest degree, his attention to business, he found time to render himself as agreeable and useful to the female part of the family, as to the master of it.—He was Leocadie's language master to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Stendhal, who had no longer any reason to reproach the dear girl with that disinclination to study, which had been her only fault. But what perhaps drew the hearts of both mother and daughter still more strongly towards him was, his unwearied attention to the good grandmother, who was alike beloved and venerated by the family.

All at once Stendhal preceived that his wife appeared unusually serious and abstracted. It was evident that she had something on her mind; but what could that something be, which she concealed from her husband, with whom, till then she had no reserve. After puzzling his brains for a little time with conjectures, the banker took what he considered to be the only right way in these cases—he determined to come to the point at once.

'Till now,' said he, 'we have been happy: it is evident that you have ceased to be so: tell me the cause of your uneasiness—and if it is my power to banish it, regard the thing as done.'

'Then it is done,' cried Mrs. Stendhal, embracing him.' My uneasiness arose from discovering Leocadie in love.'

'In love!—and with whom?'

'With George.'

'So much the better—if he loves her.'

'If, Mr. Stendhal——?'

'If, Madame Stendhal—I say, if——'

'And I say there is no if in the case: the poor fellow is too honorable to say a word—but I see clearly that he is dying for her.'

'Ah! my dear, mother's eyes are not always to be trusted on those occasions: but I will speak to him myself.'

And, without any preface, he said to the young man the following day—'George, it is time for you to be looking about for a wife: what do you think of my daughter?'

George had no need to reply: his countenanc told Mr. Stendhal plainly that his wife was in the right.

'Well, well,' cried he, in a tone of pleasure, 'you love her, hey?'

'It is true, sir; but Heaven is my witness, I have never dared to breathe a syllable——'

'Ah, you were very right not to speak to her; but why did you not tell me your mind? You know that I despise the pride of birth, and that I don't care for money. All that I desire is, that my son-in-law should be a man of probity, and descended from an honest family.'

It is impossible to describe the mingled expression of grief and shame which appeared in the countenance of George when he heard these words. He was silent for a moment: at last he said, in a voice of great emotion, 'You are right; I never thought, I never hoped it could be otherwise. Hitherto I have concealed from you who I am; but to-morrow you shall know all. Leave me now I beseech you.'

Shocked with his evident distress, Standhal pressed his hand kindly, begged of him to compose himself, and left him. The good banker knew not what to think of this scene; yet he was persuaded that no blame was attached to George.

The next morning, he learned with grief and surprise, that the young man had quitted the house. The following letter, which he left behind him, will explain the cause of this step:

'How little did you think yesterday, my dear benefactor, that even in the moment when you meant to render me the happiest of men, you struck a dagger to my heart? Yes—I know—I feel that the mind of your angelic daughter never can be bestowed but upon the descendant of an honest man. I must then fly from her forever.

'I will not leave you without telling you all.—Know that I am the son of that St. Aubin, who, on being arrested for forgery, killed one of the gens-d' armes, who was sent to seize him, and expiated his crime upon the scaffold. I had returned home from college about a year and a half before this dreadful event took place. Imperfectly acquainted with my father's circumstances, I asked him to gvie me a profession.—He refused assuring me that it was not necessary, as his property was sufficient for us both, even independent of well founded expectations which he had, that I should inherit a considerable fortune from an uncle in the Indies.

'Satisfied with these reasons, and concluding from the style in which my father lived, that he must be very rich, I thought no more of a profession. Some months passed away, when one morning my father entered my apartment, and announced to me abruptly that he was ruined.—Shocked and overwhelmed as I was, I had presence of mind enough to attempt to console him. The education you have given me,' cried I, 'will secure us from want, and you have still many friends.' 'Not one.—not, one!' cried he in agony. 'Driven to despair, by my losses on Change, I had borrowed money where I could, and finding ill luck continually pursue me, I had recourse to forgery. My crime is on the eve of being discovered. I must fly, instantly: but I will not leave thee, my poor ruined boy wholly without resource. Take this—it is the half of what remains to me.' He offered me a pocket book: I rejected it with a look of horror. 'This alone was wanting!' cried he, in a voice of fury, as he rushed from the room. I followed him—I begged his pardon on my knees, but I was resolute in refusing his money. He fled: and just when I began to congratulate myself that he was safe from pursuit, I heard the overwhelming tidings of his arrest and subsequent execution. A burning fever seized me—I should have perished under it, but by the charity of one of those who had suffered most by my unfortunate father.—May Heaven's choicest blessing light upon the worthy man! Far from reproaching me, he took pains to console me. He even carried his charity so far as to recommend me to the merchant in whose employ in I was when you took me into your house. You will feel that, after the avowal, we can never meet again. Farewell, forever, my friend—my benefactor!—May happiness—eternal happiness—be the portion of you and yours, GEORGE ST. AUBIN."

The first impulse of Stendhal was to cause immediate search to be made for George; but all in vain: he had quitted the town, and no one knew whither he had gone. Steudhal was at the first truly grieved at his flight—but when he began to reflect coolly on the circumstances of the case, he was not sorry that George had quitted him as he did; for with all his affections for the young man, he shrunk from the idea of giving his daughto the son of a convicted felon.

He felt, however, deeply, for the effect which the flight of George evidently produced upon Leocadie; and, after a consultation with his wife, he determined to tell her the truth. She wept bitterly at hearing it; but it was evident that her mind was releived, for, from that time, she appeared more tranquil. She devoted herself still more exclusively to her family, shunned society, as much as she could, and though always even tempered, and at times cheerful, it was easy to see that she was not happy.

Four years passed; Leocadie received many offers of marriage, but refused them so peremptorily, that her parents despaired of ever seeing her married: it greived them, but they would not constrain her inclinations. In the beginning of the fourth year, Stendhal went on busines to Paris, where he met, by accident, an old friend, whom he had not seen for several years. After the first greetings, mutual enquiries were made as to what had happened to each since they last met. Stendhal had enjoyed an uninterrupted course of prosperity, whilst his friend had experienced many reverses of fortune.

'I was,' said he, 'at one time, extremely rich; severe losses reduced mo to a competency, and I was deprived of that by the dishonesty of a friend whom I loved, and in whom I placed explicit confidence.'

'And how?' said Stendhal, in tone of anxious inquiry.

'Why, now, thanks be to Heaven, and to the honestest man I have ever known, I have recovered my last loss.'

'How so?'

'The son of a man who robbed me, came unexpectedly in possession of a very considerable property, and the first use he made of it was to pay every shilling his father owed."

'What a worthy fellow!'

'Ah! you wold say so if you knew all. The father, who was universally believed to be very rich, had taken up money wherever he could; and the amout he owed was within a few hundreds of the sum his son inherited. The young man did not hesitate; he paid the last farthing of his unworthy father's debts, As none of us had the smallest claim against him, we felt it our duty to offer to give up a part; but he would not hear of it.'

'That was right; I like the spirit; and, poor fellow, it was hard for him too, to have only a few hundreds left.'

'Nay, he has not even that.'

'What do you mean?'

Why, he has assigned the interest of it as a pension to the mother of a gens-d'armes whom his father shot.'

'Tis he!—by Heaven, it is St Aubin!—It must be he!'

'It is, indeed: but how did you become acquainted with him?'

'Never mind that now, but tell me instantly where he is.'

'He is, or at least he was two months since, a clerk in a banking-house at Amsterdam.'

Stendhal lost not a moment in proceeding thither—and presented himself to the astonished George.

'Come,' cried he, 'come, my dear son, make us all happy, by receiving the hand of Leocadie. Ah! never yet did the most splended achievements of an ancester confer upon his decendants greater lustre than your high-minded probity will bestow upon yours.

Wonderful Operation.—An operation, says a London paper, exciting more than usual interest among the medical profession, was performed lately, at Charingeross Hospital, by Mr. Hancock, the surgeon, in the presence of a large assemblage of the leading members of the medical profession and students. The case was that of a young woman from St. Albans, who, some nine years ago, had her left arm amputated above the elbow, but not long after which, however, the part was affected by neuralgia, a constant quivering and shaking of the stump, rendering the girl's life a perfect misery. Under the affliction the patient submitted to a variety of treatment, but from none did she derive any relief, and about ten months ago entered Charington Hospital, where, after a period, an operation was performed on the nerves of the stunip, and the patient was discharged, as it was imagined, cured. This, however, did not prove to be the fact, and she returned to the hospital, where an evening or two since, under the influence of chloroform, she underwent the operation of having the stump of the arm removed from the socket, which was most skillfully and scientifically performed by Mr. Hancock, not more than half a minute being occupied by that gentleman in its removal. Since the operation the patient has been progressing well, and it is believed a perfect cure has been achieved.

Ohio and Abolition.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening *Post*, thus explains the attitude of Ohio. He seems to speak understandingly.

——, OHIO, Jan. 2, 1852.

It has been stated several times lately that a majority of the Congressional delegation from this State are of the Democratic party; so that if the presidential election were thrown into the House, the vote of Ohio would be given to the Democratic candidate. And generally, those who are making calculations for 1852, set down this State for the Democratic nominee. All this is to be taken with some allowance.

Our delegation in Congress consists of ten old line Democrats, nine Whigs, one Freesoil Democrat, and one Freesoiler that was a Whig. The Freesoil Democrat, Dr. Townsend, has shown by his not voting for Mr. Boyd, for speaker, that his vote, and consequently the vote of Ohio in the House of Representatives, cannot be cast for a friend of the fugitive slave law. This is well, for otherwise the State would be misrepresented. Dr. Townsend was one of the most active members of our legislature at the session when Mr. Chase was elected to the United States Senate. These two men represent in Congress an important part of the Ohio Democracy—the anti-slavery part—comprising many men who did not vote for Mr. Cass in 1848, and many more who did, but never would again if he were nominated.

A great majority of the Democratic party in Ohio are well known to be friends of freedom, and opposed to the infamous fugitive law; but I speak now of those who not only feel so, but are rssolved to vote so upon all proper occasions. These free democrats have been acting with the Democratic party in its great State measures of constitutional reform and equal rights, upon which the late election turned. They carried the adoption of the new constitution by their votes last summer, and this fall they swelled the party majorities beyond all precedent. During the last three years, they have been growing in numbers, and they are conscious of their strength. They hold the "balance of power" in the State, as Dr. Townsend does in the delegation at Washington; and like his, their votes will not be cast for an avowed supporter of the fugitive law; they will not support an enemy of freedom. ERA.

TEXAN PRODUCE.—The Austin South Western American estimates that the produce of Texas during the ensuing year will show an increase of one hundred per cent over last year. An immence tide of emigration is represented to be flowing into the State from all quarters.

Deep Plowing.

Now is the time for plowing deep, when we have the aid of winter freezes to soften and pulverize, and no hot suns to scorch and bake the earth. Care should be taken not to operate when the land is too wet. This is injurious either in winter or summer plowings. The land is not only injured, but it is long before it can be relieved from the harsh, crusty formations produced by such injudicious working. Where there is much stubble or vegetable matter, a large turning plow should be used, which will break deep, and effectually envelope all such matter; there to lie and decay as much as possible before planting time. hard or close lands, this operation is beneficial in keeping the soil open and light, and hinders much waste by the washing of the spring rains. It is only in such cases as already mentioned that we are the decided advocates for the use of the large turning plow in Southern culture. We think the free and indiscriminate use of these plows have done great damage to our soils, and would in most cases, when practicable, prefer deep plowing without changing very materially the order of the surface. The same benefits would be imparted to the growing crop if the land could be broke deep by some subsoil plow, leaving the surface and the substrata all in the same relation, without bringing any of the underlayers to the surface, and the soil suffer much less damage and last much longer. Our objection to the deep turning of lands applies only to the agriculture of the South, where winters are short, and the freeze too slight for perfect pulverization often leaving the land when the winter closes in a rough, decomposed state, which the clay and underlayers of earth unmixed, to burned by our early and long hot summer's suns. We are aware that a few cross plowings in the spring, seem to put all right; but we have noticed another thing, also—that since the introduction of the turning plow, there seems to be a premature decline of our lands—a rapid wearing out, which did not belong to the days of the culture, with the scooter and shovel. We remark, that we think most of the mischief has resulted from the ill-judged use of this plow in the culture of the crop; and that we were not fully prapared to pronounce against its use in bedding and winter breakings. Indeed, we hardly know how we could dispense with its use in our preparations. It is a remarkable fact, that the Indians never wear out land. Perhaps it may be replied, they never work enough to wear it out.—This will have to remain a mooted question; but if settled, we think it very probable that much of the reason would be found in their modes of culture, and that the soil suffered less by the use of the hoe, than by our frequent upturnings with the plow. We shall not insist, of course, that they furnished models for our adoption, but these results may have in them lessons from which we may learn something, and upon which we might improve. It is painful and an alarming disclosure, that the soil is very soon exhausted by our modes of culture, and it is time that we should make the inquiry, and see if there may not be no change for the better.—*Soil of the South.*

A murderous affray took place in Philadelphia on Friday between two brothers, Andrew and Arthur McBride, over a card table, in which the latter was stabbed by the former, causing his death in an hour afterwards. A man named Hugh Freel was also stabed by Andrew McBride, and cannot survive. The murderer has been arrested.

The legislature of Alabama have determined to postpone the election of U. S. Senator until the 9th of February. The effect of this decision is to leave an interregnum of eight mouths in the senatorial representation of Alabama.

Names.—A contemporary says it is estimated that twenty-five hundred children in this country have been named Jenny Lind. It is now about twelve months since Jenny's arrival in this country. Within the next twelve months at least twenty-five hundred children will be named Louis Kossuth.

Paupers in Massachusetts.—The Secretary of State of Massachusetts, in his report to the Legislature, sets down the number of State paupers at 16,154, and the expenditures during the past year, at $484,688. The total number of persons relieved or supported as paupers during the year, has been 27,624; of these, the significant fact is stated, that probably 19,853 were made paupers by intemperance in themselves or others.

Very True.—Almost all the parts of our bodies require some expense. The feet demand shoes; the legs, stockings; the rest of the body, clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses nor fine furniture.

Foreign Residents in Cuba.—Since the trial of Mr. Thrasher, the Captain-General has adopted a strict policy of treating all residents with letters of domicil as Spanish subjects. Instructions have been given to grant no letters hereafter without the oath of adjuration and allegiance mad personally. Heretofore, for many years, domiciliary letters have been granted as a matter of course, on the payment of agent's fees, and without the personal attendance of the party, or the administration of any oath. They could be taken out for persons not on the Island. All this is now changed, and the party seeking to reside and transact business in Cuba, longer than three months, must take the oaths and be treated as a Spanish subject.

Bold Robbery.—A telegraph dispatch has been received at the Police Department in this City, which states that the vault of the Virginia Bank, at Portsmouth, Va., had been broken into on Sunday night, and all the funds abstracted therefrom.—*Char. News.*